

THRILLING TALES OF HORROR & SUSPENSE

MAY 1952 10¢

# DARK MYSTERIES

NO. 6

HAVE NO FEAR, DEAR,  
IT WON'T HURT. YOUR  
TIME HAS COME...SEE  
IT FITS...NOW!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T  
BE! THAT NOOSE HAS  
MY NAME ON IT...YOU  
ARE...DEATH!

IF THE NOOSE FITS  
WEAR IT! AND OTHER STORIES.

TALES OF  
HORROR AND  
SUSPENSE.





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ADVENTURES

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TOD  
DUGESMAN

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TALES OF  
HORROR AND  
SUSPENSE.



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**WEIGHT**

Where  
It  
Shows  
Most

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PART OF  
THE  
BODY WITH

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Penetrating Massage



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LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

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MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!



# CURSE of the PRAIRIE GHOST!



COME BACK THROUGH THE YEARS WITH ME AND I WILL TELL YOU A STORY OF TERROR AND DEATH ABOUT A PARTY OF COURAGEOUS FAMILIES THAT HAD SET OUT ON A TREK ACROSS THE CONTINENT TO SETTLE IN THE WEST - AND FIND GOLD. THEY HAD SEEN THEIR WAGONS AND SUPPLIES TAKEN FROM THEM AND EXPECTED TO DIE IN THE WILDERNESS. THEN, OUT OF THE SNOW-STORM, LIKE AN APPARITION, THERE APPEARED THEIR CARAVAN - WITH NO DRIVERS EXCEPT... BUT THAT IS OUR STORY ---

SETH ADAMS HAD PURCHASED THE LAST OF THE SUPPLIES FOR THE PARTY OF FORTY-NINERS. THEY WERE READY TO SET OUT THAT VERY DAY.



SETH, CALL OFF THE TRIP. THESE ARE DANGEROUS TIMES. THERE'S A GOOD FUTURE HERE.

WE'RE ALL SET TO GO, MR. GRIMES. WE WANT TO BEAT THE SNOW STORMS AND WE HAVE A GOOD PARTY. BESIDES...



DORLA AND I WANT TO GET MARRIED - WHEN WE REACH CALIFORNIA. I DON'T WANT TO DELAY A SINGLE DAY.

MY BOY, YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT DORLA. SHE ARRIVED HERE OUT OF NOWHERE, AS FAR AS WE KNOW.







THE SECOND DAY OUT...



RIT ALLAN HAD RIDDEN AFTER THE PARTY TO WARN THEM OF DESPERADOES ON THE LOOSE.



HUBBELL NIXON HAD CONCEALED A KNIFE AND HE STABBED THE GUARD WHEN HE BROUGHT IN HIS TRAY.





"SO THESE TEN DESPERADOES KILLED THE GUARD AND SHERIFF AND TOOK ALL THE GUNS AND ALL THE HORSES THEY COULD FIND..."

"THEN THEY MOUNTED THE HORSES BELONGING TO THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN. THEY COULDN'T STOP FOR SUPPLIES-THERE WAS NO TIME- SO IF THEY COME ACROSS THIS CARAVAN - WE'LL..."











LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND, BOYS!

HEY, HOOK, WHAT'CHA GOT THERE? WHERE DID YA FIND HER?

THE WARMTH OF THE CAVE SEEMED TO BRING HER TO...



I'M THE LEADER. I TAKE THE RISKS, I GET THE GIRL.

WE'LL CHOOSE FOR HER. MAY THE BEST MAN WIN.



WELL, I'VE WON BOYS / SO LONG... HUB IS SECOND!

LUCKY, HOOK TOOK THE GIRL OUT OF THE CAVE.

AN HOUR LATER... A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM RENT THE AIR.



THE GIRL'S BACK BUT WHERE'S HOOK? SPEAK GIRL.

WHERE'S HOOK. WH. WHAT'S THAT SCREAM.

ARRRGGGH...

OUTSIDE THE CAVE, HOOK'S BODY IS FOUND - HIS OWN HOOK STICKING IN HIS THROAT.



HOOK'S KILLED HIMSELF / WHAT'D HE DO THAT FOR? IT'S THE GIRL'S FAULT. I SAY GET RID OF HER.

SHE'S MINE NOW! I'LL MAKE HER TALK.

COME ON, BABE. HOW ABOUT A KISS? YOUR FIRST BOY-FRIEND GOT COLD FEET. HA.HA.



HUB WAS THE NEXT TO TAKE DORLA AS HIS BOOTY...



BRR... WHY YOU'RE COLD. COME OUT WITH ME, I'LL BUILD A FIRE.



HEY, HUB KILLED HIMSELF / HEY-BOYS / COME OUT HERE /



SUDDENLY ONE OF THE MEN CAME YELLING OUT OF THE NIGHT...

WHAT'S GETTING INTO EVERYBODY? FIRST HOOK- THEN, HUB / IT'S THE GIRL..

WELL, SHE WON'T GET ME. I'LL KILL THE GIRL. SHE DOESN'T SCARE ME.



RUS TOOK CHARGE...

AS RUS'S BULLETS SEEMED TO PASS THROUGH DORLA, THE DESPERA- DOES CRINGED IN FEAR.

I CAN'T KILL HER / SHE'S NOT HUMAN- STOP HER.

MAYBE HE LOST HIS AIM /



WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT GIRL - SHE'S A WITCH / LOOKIT WHAT SHE'S DONE TO HOOK AND HUB /

HE'S GONE CRAZY.



LET GO OF ME. I'M STILL LEADER. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT SMART BABE.



I'LL BEAT HER BRAINS OUT WITH THIS---HEY / WHAT'S HAPPENING? LOOK OUT-- THE CAVE'S FALLING IN...



RUS DISLODGED A ROCK...







IN THE THREE DAYS SINCE THE DESPERADOES STOLE THEIR CARAVAN THE PARTY OF TRAVELERS HAD REACHED THE END OF HOPE.

SUDDENLY, SETH SEES THREE COVERED WAGONS APPROACHING THEM.

LOOK EVERYONE - LOOK! OUR WAGONS - THEY'RE COMING BACK...

WE CAN NEVER SURVIVE. LET US PRAY.



SETH--WHO-IS-THAT--DRIVING THE FIRST WAGON? IT LOOKS LIKE DORLA. IT CAN'T BE... SHE'S DEAD!

NO - NOT DORLA / I BURIED HER MYSELF... HERE...



IT IS DORLA. SHE'S BROUGHT BACK OUR WAGONS. WE'RE SAVED / BUT... IT'S IMPOS...

.....  
SETH HASTENED TO CLIMB UP TO THE WAGON SEAT. THERE WAS NO ONE THERE. ALL THE WAGONS WERE EMPTY - EXCEPT FOR THE SUPPLIES AND...



IT'S DORLA'S CAPE / BUT I BURIED HER IN IT... SHE SAID SHE WOULD COME BACK!



THE  
End



# HAUNT OF THE ANCIENT CASTLES

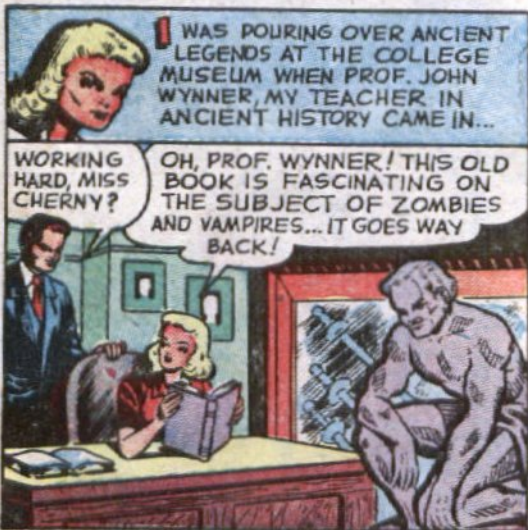


**S**UPERSTITIONS AND BELIEFS... THAT WAS THE SUBJECT OF MY COLLEGE THESIS. MY STUDY HAD REVEALED TO ME STRANGE, AMAZING EVENTS... REPEATED THROUGHOUT HISTORY. I COULDN'T HELP THINKING: SUPERSTITIONS ARE BASED ON EVIL FACT! BUT WHERE DO THEY END... AND REALITY BEGIN? MY PROFESSOR, JOHN WYNNER, SCOFFED AT ME FOR BELIEVING IN MANY SUPERSTITIONS! HE REASONED WITH ME... AND THEN FELL IN LOVE WITH ME. BUT HIS WAS A LOVE **OF TERROR AND DEATH...**

**NO! IT CAN'T BE... VAMPIRES DON'T EXIST! NOT YOU-YOU-EEAAA!**

**YES, YES, I HAVE COME FOR YOUR SOFT SKIN AND WARMTH OF LIFE!**

*Fleishman*



**I** WAS POURING OVER ANCIENT LEGENDS AT THE COLLEGE MUSEUM WHEN PROF. JOHN WYNNER, MY TEACHER IN ANCIENT HISTORY CAME IN...

**WORKING HARD, MISS CHERNY?**

**OH, PROF. WYNNER! THIS OLD BOOK IS FASCINATING ON THE SUBJECT OF ZOMBIES AND VAMPIRES... IT GOES WAY BACK!**

**P**ROF. WYNNER ALWAYS TRIED TO REASON ME OUT OF MY BELIEF THAT CERTAIN SUPERSTITIONS WERE FOUNDED ON ACTUAL REALITY. AND NOW...

**MISS 'CH... OH, LET ME CALL YOU ARLETTA. IT SURPRISES ME THAT SO INTELLIGENT A STUDENT AS YOU COULD STILL BELIEVE IN SUCH FAIRY TALES!**

**PROF.... ALL RIGHT, THEN, JOHN... THE MORE I READ, THE MORE I AM CONVINCED THAT CERTAIN CREATURES EXISTED THAT COULD BE CALLED ZOMBIES AND VAMPIRES!**







"LET ME TELL YOU THIS STORY, JOHANN. IT GOES BACK MANY YEARS IN A CENTRAL EUROPEAN COUNTRY. A YOUNG BRIDE RAN UPSTAIRS TO CHANGE INTO TRAVELING CLOTHES..."

"I WON'T BE LONG, DEAR HUSBAND..."

"BELOVED, I'LL BE WAITING!"



"HELP! ARR GGH..."

"WHAT IS THAT... MY WIFE!"



"SOB-SOB! HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?"

"IT MUST HAVE BEEN A VAMPIRE! THERE, SEE?... A BAT!"

"THEY FOUND A RING ON THE FLOOR. IT BELONGED TO A MAN NAMED SASHA... THEN A BABY IN A CRADLE DIED..."

"MY BABY!... MY BABY IS DEAD!"

"YES, DRAINED OF BLOOD... BUT AT LEAST JOHANN IS SAFE!"

"A VAMPIRE DID IT... AND SASHA'S WALLET IS HERE! YES, JOHANN WILL AVENGE HIS SISTER! I CURSE THEM!"

"I PRO MISS YOU"



"BUT AT THE TIME, SASHA WAS MANY MILES AWAY, IN A HOSPITAL... EXPLAIN THAT JOHN..."

"YES, SASHA, YOU HAVE BEEN IN A TRANCE... YOU WERE VERY SICK!"



"WHEN I FINISHED THE STORY, JOHN ONLY LAUGHED..."

"IT'S JUST A FABLE, ARLETTA, SAY YOU KNOW WE'RE LEAVING ON THE STUDENT EUROPEAN TOUR NEXT WEEK. WHY NOT COME WITH US? THAT'S WHERE THOSE STORIES COME FROM..."

"HOW WONDERFUL! I'D LOVE TO COME!"

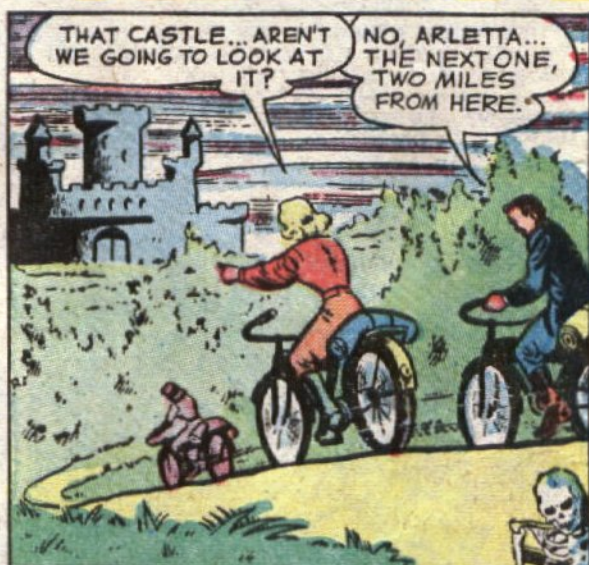


"SOON I WAS ON MY WAY TO EUROPE WITH THE STUDENT GROUP..."

"ARLETTA, WHEN YOU STUDY THESE PEOPLE AND THEIR CUSTOMS YOU'LL COME TO RECOGNIZE SUPERSTITIONS AS SUCH..."











I...I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, JOHN...THAT BAT AND THAT OLD WOMAN... LET'S GO BACK!

NO, THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR. LET'S EXPLORE THIS OLD PLACE.



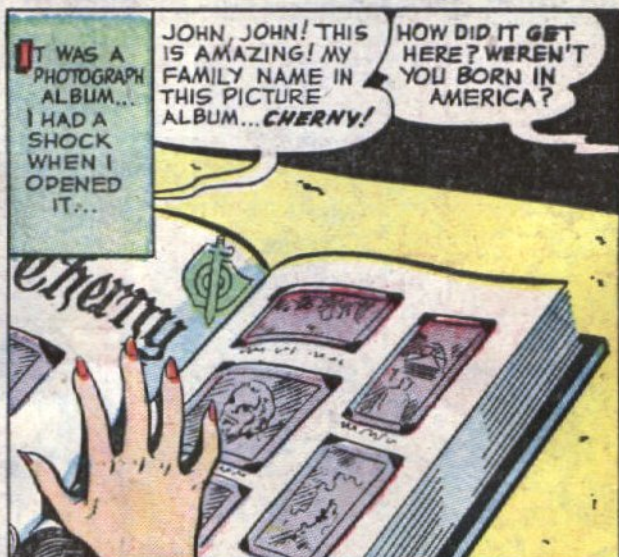
P... PLEASE H...HOLD MY HAND, JOHN...OOH, WHAT WAS THAT?

JUST INSECTS, ARLETTA. NO ONE'S DISTURBED THEM FOR A LONG TIME...



THIS MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL ROOM... WHAT'S THAT BOOK?

LET'S LOOK...



IT WAS A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM... I HAD A SHOCK WHEN I OPENED IT...

JOHN, JOHN! THIS IS AMAZING! MY FAMILY NAME IN THIS PICTURE ALBUM... **CHERRY!**

HOW DID IT GET HERE? WEREN'T YOU BORN IN AMERICA?



IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE! EAGERLY, WE LOOKED THROUGH THE ALBUM. IT WAS AMAZINGLY AND DEFINITELY... MY FAMILY'S!

LOOK, JOHN! HERE'S ME AS A BABY TWO YEARS OLD! 1933! "ARLETTA CHERNY BORN 1931!" I THOUGHT I WAS BORN IN NEW YORK!

WONDER WHY YOUR PARENTS CONCEALED FROM YOU YOUR NATIVE LAND!



THOSE PAPERS THERE... MAYBE WE'LL LEARN SOMETHING... I'LL LOOK AT THEM...



ARLETTA... THESE LETTERS AND DIARIES... THEY TELL THE WHOLE STORY OF YOUR FAMILY...



IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE BUT JOHN WAS READING A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME STORY I HAD RELATED TO HIM...



JOHN READS FROM THE ANCIENT BOOK. "YOUR FATHER WAS WORRIED BECAUSE THE TOWNSFOLK WERE BLAMING THE CHERNY FAMILY FOR THE VAMPIRE DEATHS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD"

IT'S THE CHERNYS ... ALL MY FAMILY OF THEM! WE MUST DESTROY ALL THE CHERNY FAMILY! THEY'RE VAMPIRES! IS IN DANGER!



"YOUR FATHER HURRIED HOME, FROM THE HOSPITAL. HE WAS WORRIED ABOUT THE THREAT TO THE FAMILY."

IT'S GOOD YOU'RE BACK, SASHA. I WAS CONCERNED. THERE ARE HORRIBLE TALES OF VAMPIRES GOING AROUND

I HURRIED HOME ... WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN HEARING, DEAR?



"YOUR MOTHER TOLD YOUR FATHER THAT SHE HAD HEARD FROM THE SERVANTS THAT THERE HAD BEEN STRANGE DEATHS IN THE VILLAGE - BY A VAMPIRE. EVEN CHILDREN WERE VICTIMS!"

IT'S JUST HORRIBLE, SASHA! OH HERE'S ARLETTA! COME HERE, MY BABY!

I MUST TELL YOU SOMETHING, HELENA. TAKE ARLETTA TO HER ROOM NOW!



HELENA - THEY'RE BLAMING OUR FAMILY... THE CHERNYS... THEY SAY WE ARE THE VAMPIRES.

BUT, SASHA... HOW CAN THEY? WE KNOW THE VINQUO ANCESTORS ARE THE REAL VAMPIRES! CAN'T WE PROVE IT TO THE VILLAGERS?

THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE DARLING! WE MUST PACK NECESSITIES AND FLEE TONIGHT! THEY'RE EXCITED AND WILL COME HERE TONIGHT!

OH, MY GOD! MY POOR BABY, ARLETTA...

"AND SO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY FLED TO AMERICA..."





I WAS STUNNED BY THIS HISTORY OF THE CHERNYS. ALL THIS WAS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO ME AND WHAT WOULD JOHN THINK?

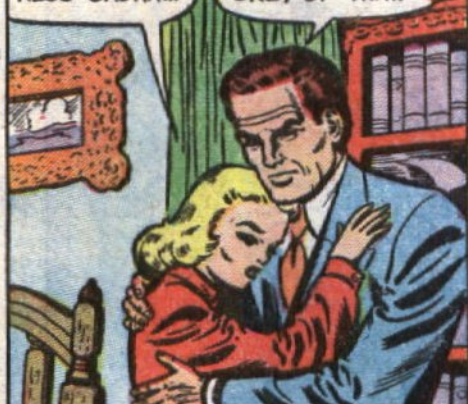


JOHN, IT'S THE SAME STORY I READ IN AMERICA! --AND MY FATHER'S NAME WAS ALSO SASHA...

DARLING--THAT'S SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE, I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU, DARLING...THINK ONLY OF THAT.

H--HOW COULD YOU? BUT--MY FATHER SAID IT WAS ANOTHER FAMILY--THE VINQUOS!

REALLY, DEAR! FORGET THIS EUROPEAN SUPERSTITION... THIS IS TODAY!



RIDING BACK TO THE INN I FELT HAPPIER KNOWING THAT JOHN LOVED ME. WE MET THE OTHER STUDENTS. AS USUAL THEY MOCKED ME.

HI, ARLETTA, MEET ANY VAMPIRES IN TORLIA CASTLE?

I'LL TELL FAY, THE JEST'S GONE FAR ENOUGH!



REALLY, PROFESSOR... IS HOW COULD YOU TAKE ARLETTA ON OUR TOUR... SHE'S SO FULL OF SUPERSTITION... SHE AND HER VAMPIRES!

IT A SUPERSTITION THAT GIRLS ARE CATS FAY?



AS WE DISMOUNTED OUR BICYCLES AT THE INN, I WAS STARTLED TO HEAR THE NAME OF "VINQUO" UTTERED BY FAY. MY MOTHER HAD SAID IT WAS THE VINQUO FAMILY THAT WERE VAMPIRES!

YOU KNOW, PROFESSOR WYNNER, WE WENT TO AN OLD CASTLE CALLED VINQUO. THAT WAS A WEIRD PLACE. THAT WOULD BE A GOOD PLACE TO BRING ARLETTA!

FAY YOUR CONTINUOUS JESTS WILL ONLY BRING YOU TROUBLE!



GOODNIGHT, ARLETTA, DON'T LET THE VAMPIRES GET YOU!

CAN'T YOU EVER STOP TEASING, FAY!



SWEET DREAMS, ARLETTA REMEMBER--IN TWO DAYS WE RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES!

YES, JOHN, DEAR...







I STARTED TO SAY "A VAMPIRE'S BITE" BUT I KNEW THEY'D ALL MOCK ME FOR MY SUPERSTITIONS. YET SHE WAS DRAINED OF BLOOD ... AND THAT SMALL PINPOINT ON HER NECK!



I HIRED A CALASH TO GO TO THE CASTLE OF THE VINQUO FAMILY. I FELT I MUST FIND OUT. JOHN SAW ME LEAVING AND FOLLOWED ME.

BUT, ARLETTA, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOUR PLAN?

I WAS AFRAID, JOHN, I WOULD BE BLAMED FOR FAY'S DEATH!



PERHAPS I CAME TO THIS CASTLE TO TRY TO PROVE IT WAS THE VINQUO FAMILY- NOT MINE- THAT DESERVED THE NAME OF "VAMPIRE." THEN, ON THE DOORWAY, WE SAW THE PLAQUE...



OH, NO! NO!

FAMILY OF VINQUO- MEANS TO CONQUER... IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA CALLED WYNN. LAST OF LINE JOHANN EMIGRATE!



JOHN WAS SILENT AS WE WENT INTO THE CASTLE...! I WAS AFRAID... I WANTED TO RUN AWAY! BUT-- JOHN WAS CHANGING INTO-- A VAMPIRE!!

NOW I KNOW THE TRUTH! YES I AM THE VAMPIRE! THE LITTLE VINQUO, JOHANN SWORN TO TAKE REVENGE!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!



BUT IT WAS TRUE....

**ARRRRGH OOH!**



WHEN THE POLICE CAME...

SHE'S DYING.. DRAINED OF BLOOD! LOOK! LOOK! THAT BAT. IT'S THE CURSE OF VINQUO FULFILLED!



THE END



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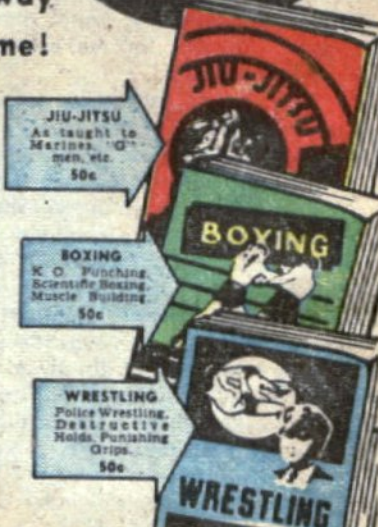
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# GHOST OF THE GOLDEN SLIPPER

By ELLEN LYNN

**S**UPERNATURAL people and mountain climbers both like silent places. And this day the mountain peaks were almost hidden by caps of silent clouds. Henry Gorcey and his family were not thinking of ghosts however as they drove up to the picturesque Inn in the famous mountain climbing resort of Ranees. Three hearts were throbbing with excitement and anticipation at the prospect of climbing to those seemingly impossible summits—Ellen, his wife, and the ten-year-old Susan—and Henry himself. There was a happy and warm welcome for them at the very entrance for the proprietor of the Half-Way House was Henry's long-time friend, Peter Milano. Together both men had climbed some of the most difficult mountains in the Alps and it had been six years since they had seen each other.

Early the next morning a small climbing party stood outside the Inn ready for the climb. It was another cloudy day, with a cold sun trying hard to penetrate the heavy mists. Every so often it succeeded in bursting through in a blaze of gold, only to be quickly subdued by the persistent cloak of fog. Susan was bobbing around impatient to get started. Her mother had objected to her accompanying the party, but father had overriden the objections, happy that his child had acquired his zest for the exhilarating sport of mountain-climbing.

"She'll go as far as she can," he reassured Ellen. "Then one of the men will go back with her. Perhaps you, too?" Henry teased his wife.

At the top of the mountain—Henry gazed with pride at his daughter, Susan. She had made the top! Ellen and he exchanged happy glances. Susan's eyes were round as saucers as she watched the awesome splendor of the panorama stretched out below this great height. But a sudden chill overcast the gay mood of the party. Tragedy had struck a ghastly blow.

The period of rest was over and all were preparing to start on the downward climb.

"Henry, where's Susan?" Ellen's question was casual.

"Oh—she must have wandered off a bit—" the reply was just as casual.

But there was little area in which to wander and soon a bustle of panic pervaded the air. With the whole countryside spread out wide open to their eyes not a sign of young Susan could be detected by anyone. Hysterically—on the top of her lungs—the frantic mother yelled—"S-u-s-a-n! Yooooo. . . Answer me—Susan!"

Then Henry added the full strength of his voice—and one by one the whole party joined in the yelling. But only their weird echoes answered back. No one could say how the dis-

traught party reached the bottom—without Susan. Ellen had almost to be carried the whole way. Henry and the others frantically searched every inch of the way down. Susan had disappeared as though into thin air—with no outcry, no clue. It was night when the exhausted, heartbroken group reached the Inn. Peter Milano had become alarmed at the continued absence of the party and was about to organize a search when they straggled in. At once he knew something terrible had happened and was told the story of the strange disappearance of Susan.

Softly he spoke to his friend, Henry. "We'll get every person in this village to help us find Susan. Meanwhile, have no fear. She's old enough to protect herself till we reach her. We'll find her, be sure of that."

Throughout the night people holding flares were scouring the mountain side. It was at dawn that a boy came running and shouting—"A girl's hat—is this hers?" It was Susan's and had been found at the foot of the mountain! She had disappeared at the very top. Peter and Henry set out to climb up again—from the spot where the hat was found. They were gone twenty minutes when they both halted abruptly, ears cocked. There was a crackling of twigs—footsteps—and in front of their amazed eyes came Susan. Her clothes were torn, bedraggled, her face dirty—but she wore a happy smile and rushed joyfully into the arms of her father. As the elated group hurried downward, Susan told them that she had been getting the views at the summit of the mountain and had walked all around the edge to see the picture from every side when her foot slipped on a loose rock and before she could make an outcry she found herself falling, falling.

"Oh, daddy, I was frightened—my head felt dizzy—I wanted to cry," Susan was telling her tale. "And then as I was falling—a hand took hold of mine. It was a lady—she was smiling down at me and I stopped falling. She was beautiful. She took me into a cave and told me we'd better stay there overnight, and that she would get me home safely in the morning. We ate nuts and fruits for supper, daddy—and this morning she showed me a path that led down toward the Inn. She had beautiful golden hair. I asked her where she was going and . . ."

During this tale, Henry and Peter exchanged glances of incredulity and then amusement. Henry whispered to Peter, "She must have struck her head and imagined the whole thing. I'll have a doctor look at her as soon as we get down."

"But, daddy—don't you believe about the lady?" Susan had overheard and was indignant. "Well, she gave me a slipper—a gold slipper—so that I



wouldn't forget her . . ."

"Yes, dear," her father patiently answered.

"And did you drop the slipper?"

Susan groped in the large knapsack pocket of her jacket—and pulled out a lady's gold slipper!

They were now at the bottom and the crowds of searchers came rushing to meet them with shouts and cries. Susan was lifted to the shoulders of the happy people and Henry hurried to his wife. When he came downstairs he saw Peter preparing to start another climb. "But, Peter, are you mad? Why are you going up again?"

"I am going to look for Jeanine. The girl Susan described was my fiancée. I want to ask Susan to show me the path to the cave—you won't mind will you?" Peter spoke with a quiet intensity.

"Susan was just imagining the whole thing, Peter," Henry insisted. "She must have found that old slipper and her confused mind built up an imaginative story." Henry saw that Peter was unconvinced. "What happened to Jeanine?" Henry asked.

"Jeanine and I were going to be married and we had a party here at the Inn. She wanted to be alone awhile. By the time the guests had left I noticed Jeanine was missing. She had disappeared. She was wearing golden slippers—like the one Susan brought back. I never stopped searching for her. No trace has ever been found. I—I've even looked for—her remains. Now—Susan has seen her! Let Susan lead me to the path! I must go!"

Henry had to say yes to his friend. There was a desperate look in his eyes.

"Susan should have rest, Peter," Henry said. "But we'll go to the start of the path then I'll have to take her back—you'll have to go on alone." He agreed.

Susan was delighted with her new importance. She led the way for her father and Peter, who followed in unusual silence. Only once he exclaimed—"I've never seen this path before! I've been over this ground hundreds of times but. . . ." There was a narrow, winding path clearly marked. Henry began to feel the strangeness of the moment and the situation. What had his Susan stumbled into?

"We'll leave you here, Peter," Henry said. And he and Susan stood watching the hurrying figure of his friend, almost running along the upward path, until he disappeared behind a boulder.

Peter's last words were, "I'll be home tomorrow morning—and I'll bring Jeanine or whatever Susan saw."

Even Susan, young as she was, remained silent. Then she said—"Daddy, Mr. Milano is acting—sort of—strange. But I really did see the lady—and she was kind and beautiful. I showed you the golden slipper, daddy."

"Are you sure you didn't pick it up in the cave you went to?" her father asked.

"Of course, I'm sure, daddy," Susan insisted. "You wait and see—Mr. Milano will find his sweet-

heart and bring her back to the Inn. She'll tell you all about it."

There was a big party that night for Susan and a proud and tired little girl went to bed with the music still playing and coming through the slightly opened door of her room. Henry and Ellen tucked their daughter in tenderly and went into their own adjoining room. "Something's wrong," Ellen observed. "What is it, Henry? Are you worried about Peter?"

"Yes, dear, I am," Henry replied. "I thought he had gotten over his loss of Jeanine but this story of Susan's—and her finding that golden slipper—well, he isn't acting—normal."

"Why isn't he? Wouldn't you want to pursue any possible lead—even if it does sound fantastic?" Ellen argued. "He simply wants to eliminate every clue to her whereabouts. After he returns tomorrow he'll resume his normal life, you'll see."

Henry sat thinking a while, then—"Peter was amazed to find the path that Susan led us to. He knows the whole terrain as we know the street we live on. He had never before seen that path!"

Peter had not returned by noon the next day. Henry waited impatiently as the hours passed. By nightfall he started to gather a searching party to go after Peter.

"You're all tired, I know. We've just gotten over one search—for Susan—and now we're starting on another. But, frankly, I'm worried about Peter. If you think I'm foolish—well, I'll set out by myself in the morning." They all decided to go with him.

It was difficult for Henry to find the path again but, he did. There had been a stone slide which almost concealed it, and the men had to pull away rocks and debris in order to continue along the route. But, finally, a large cave near the top loomed in front of him. Henry called out—"Peter—Peter—" and the party hurried into the cave. It was empty. They went outside again, calling their friend. They scattered over a wide area, looking for footprints, or other clues, but there was no sign of the missing man.

The discouraged group gathered again in front of the cave. "It's no use," one said, "there's no sign of Peter."

"Let's search the cave more thoroughly," Henry urged. "We'll use all our flashlights. He may have been here and dropped something—after all he headed for the cave and must have gone in."

The men began a search of the cave. "My God!" one of them ejaculated. Everyone rushed toward him. He was holding up one of Peter's hiking shoes—his initials printed in the lining! Without a word they set to searching the cave again. A creaking sound broke the silence. Their bodies tense, the men turned as one man in the direction of the sound. A heavy door of rock seemed to be swinging open. Cautiously they made their way toward it—and looked inside. There on the ground was the dead body of Peter Milano and in his arms a skeleton. And over one bony foot was—a lady's golden slipper!



EVERY-ONE'S LIFE IS MEASURED!! YES FATE AND DEATH KNOW THE MINUTES LEFT TO YOUR LIFE AND MINE.....STILL WHEN TOD GRESHAM DRAGGED HIMSELF PAINFULLY TO THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE LOOKING FOR HELP, HE WAS HORRIFIED TO FIND THE BODY OF HIS FRIEND, HARRY BAYNE, DANGLING FROM A HANGMAN'S NOOSE... ..AND MARA HIS SWEETHEART, BECKONING TO HIM. YES, THE TIME HAD COME, HOW?.....WHY?.....HE WONDERED IN TERROR. BUT, NOT FOR LONG.....NOT FOR LONG.....



# IF THE NOOSE FITS-WEAR IT!

DON'T BE AFRAID, THE NOOSE WILL FIT NOW!!

YES, IT IS TRUE! YOU ARE DEATH!!



ON A VISIT TO GARRETT'S WAX-WORKS MUSEUM, HARRY BAYNE WAS STRUCK BY THE HANGING WITCH ON THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE, WHILE TOD GRESHAM'S EYE WAS CAUGHT BY THE BEAUTY OF A STRANGE GIRL....

TOD-LOOK-THIS IS QUITE INTERESTING- THE BODY WAS JUST EXHUMED A WEEK AGO....

THAT GIRL IN THIS PLACE, HOW BEAUTIFUL SHE IS.



WON'T YOU TELL US THE STORY OF THIS FIGURE?.. MR. GARRETT!

YES, GENTLEMEN, THERE'S A FASCINATING STORY CONCERNING THIS FIGURE-



ABOUT THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO IN A SMALL VILLAGE, ELSA THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF A RICH MAN DISAPPEARED....



ELSA AND HER FRIEND HAD BEEN WALKING THROUGH THE WOODS WHEN SUDDENLY AN OLD CRONE OF THE VILLAGE, JENNY HARRIS, APPEARED WAVING A STICK AT THEM. ELSA, HER RED HAIR FLOWING DOWN HER BACK, IMMEDIATELY DISAPPEARED. INSTEAD, WHERE SHE WAS, HER FRIEND KAREN SAW ONLY A RED FOX.

HELP, HELP! JENNY'S DONE EVIL TO ELSA—SHE'S BEWITCHED HER....



STUPID GIRL! WISH I COULD BEWITCH YOU AND ALL THOSE VILLAGERS....



AND THIS COURT DECREES THAT JENNY HARRIS, FOR UNLAWFULLY PRACTICING WITCHCRAFT AND CAUSING THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ELSA VENNING—SHALL THIS DAY HANG BY THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE AS DECREED FOR WITCHES...



EEEEH... AIEEEE...

AND SO THE WITCH WAS HUNG THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. WE NOW HAVE THIS BODY, RECENTLY EXHUMED, WITH THE ORIGINAL HANGMAN'S NOOSE....

OF COURSE LATER KAREN WAS FOUND!



WE NOW SELL MINIATURE NOOSES MADE OF THE ORIGINAL ROPE TO COLLECTORS OF CURIOS...

WE WOULD LOVE THEM!

NO-NO DO NOT BUY THEM! FORGIVE ME FOR INTERFERING BUT THEY BELONG TO THE DEAD.

BOTH TOD AND HARRY LAUGHED AT THE SHOCKED YOUNG LADY AND BOUGHT THE GRISLY SOUVENIOR NOOSES.... TOD BECAME FRIENDLY WITH THE GIRL AND ASKED TO TAKE HER HOME.

CALL YOU TOMORROW, TOD!

RIGHTO, HARRY! I'M DELIGHTED YOU SPOKE TO US MISS.

I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF... TOD, MY NAME IS MARA.







BUT WHY WERE YOU  
AFRAID OF THE LITTLE  
NOOSE, MARA?

THINGS WHICH BELONG  
TO THOSE WHO DIE  
BEFORE THEIR TIME  
SHOULD NOT BE DIS-  
TURBED. THEY CAN  
ONLY BRING MIS-  
FORTUNE.



BUT THAT'S ONLY A  
SUPERSTITION AND  
I DON'T BELIEVE  
IN THEM.



THIS WAS MY LUCKY DAY, MARA.  
WHEN WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN?  
TOMORROW?

I WILL LET YOU  
KNOW—TOD, IT  
WILL BE SOON.



HOW ICY HER  
LIPS! WAIT TILL  
I KNOW HER  
LONGER!

YOU'RE A  
FASCINATING  
GIRL, MARA.  
MAY I COME  
IN?

NOT THIS  
TIME, TOD.



BUT MARA I CAN'T LET YOU  
GO. I MUST SEE YOU—SOON—  
YOU CAN PICK THE TIME!

IF YOU INSIST,  
IN A WEEK...  
THEN.



YOU'RE MY LUCKY PIECE,  
LITTLE NOOSE, THROUGH  
YOU I MET MARA.  
GOOD NIGHT....



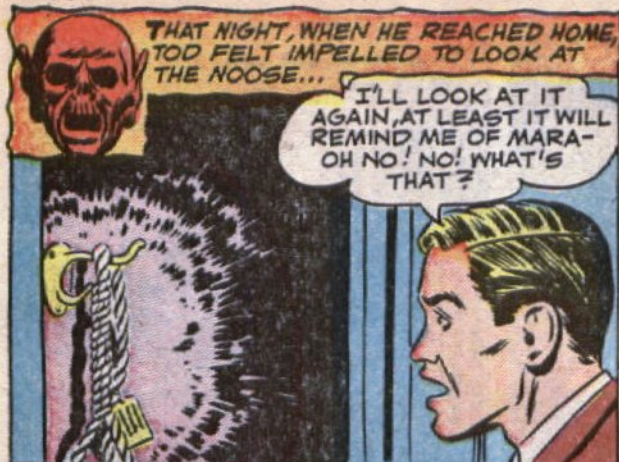
THE NEXT MORNING TOD SAT BOLT UP—  
RIGHT AS HIS EYES FELL ON THE NOOSE!!

WHAT-WHAT THE DICKENS! I MUST BE  
DREAMING THAT NOOSE LOOKS  
LARGER!









THAT NIGHT, WHEN HE REACHED HOME, TOD FELT IMPELLED TO LOOK AT THE NOOSE...

I'LL LOOK AT IT AGAIN, AT LEAST IT WILL REMIND ME OF MARA- OH NO! NO! WHAT'S THAT?



GREAT GUNS! I'M NOT DREAMING NOW.....

THE KNOT NOW HAD A MEDALLION!!

TOD GRESHAM  
OCTOBER  
15, 1947



HARRY, I'M PANICKY NOW. YES? YOURS IS LARGER TOO? AND HAS YOUR NAME ON IT? LET'S GET AWAY...EVEN IF IT IS ONLY A TRICK.



I LEFT THE THING IN MY ROOM....

I DID TOO-IT'S STILL ON THE HOOK IN MY CLOSET... WH... WHAT'S THAT? A BLOWOUT!!

THEN AS TOD REPAIRED THE TIRE, SOMETHING MADE HIM LOOK UP- HE SAW A CAR SUDDENLY SWISH BY, KNOCKING HARRY BACKWARD OVER THE EDGE OF THE STEEP CLIFF....



WHAT... HARRY... GOOD LORD. THAT CAR HIT HIM!

HELP...  
ARRGHH...



HE'S CRUSHED TO DEATH! I MUST GET HELP.



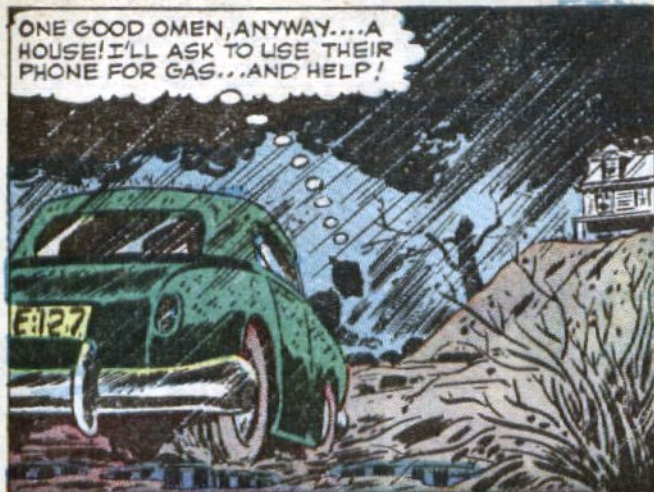
IN PANIC, TOD SPED AWAY IN THE CAR- FOR HELP, HIS NERVES UNSTRUNG BY HIS FRIENDS WEIRD DEATH...

NOW WHAT? OH NO NOT OUT OF GAS!

CHUG  
CHUG  
SPUT-  
SPUTTER



ONE GOOD OMEN, ANYWAY....A HOUSE! I'LL ASK TO USE THEIR PHONE FOR GAS...AND HELP!



TOD'S NERVOUS TENSION MOUNTED HIGHER AND HIGHER, THEN HE STUMBLED....

OOOOH! MY ANKLE.



HIS ANKLE INJURED-IN GREAT AGONY TOD DRAGGED HIMSELF DESPERATELY TOWARD THE HOUSE.

I MUST MAKE THAT HOUSE. I MUST GET HELP. OOOOH!



COME IN TOD. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU....

MARA DARLING...YOU! HOW DID YOU GET HERE! I TRIED TO REACH YOU BEFORE I LEFT...OOOH MY ANKLE!



COME WITH ME, TOD. I'LL MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE !!

BUT-ALL-THESE-STAIRS...WHERE?....



MARA-CALL A DOCTOR AT ONCE. I THINK MY ANKLE IS BROKEN.

DON'T WORRY, TOD. THE PAIN WILL BE OVER SOON.







THIS WAY-TOD,  
IN HERE.

BUT-THAT'S  
-MY FRIEND  
-HARRY! AND  
THE HANGMAN'S  
NOOSE....



I-I LEFT HARRY'S BODY  
AT THE BOTTOM OF A RA-  
VINE. WE LEFT THE NOOSES  
IN OUR ROOMS....MARA  
MARA...WHO-ARE-YOU?



I WILL BRING YOU EASE  
FROM PAIN.... COME INTO  
MY ARMS...

UGH...LET GO  
OF ME...I MUST  
GET AWAY FROM  
YOU...



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY-TOD!!  
IT'S TIME FOR OUR DATE NOW.



YOU'RE EVIL-YOU BRING  
DEATH...AND I LOVED YOU,  
MY NOOSE! IT'S HERE TOO...



TOD TRIED TO RUSH FROM  
THE ROOM TO ESCAPE MARA  
ONLY TO FIND THE NOOSE  
SLIP AROUND HIS HEAD AND  
TIGHTEN IT'S GRIP AROUND  
HIS THROAT...AS THOUGH IT  
WERE ALIVE!

ARGH IT WON'T HURT  
TOD. IT'S TIME  
FOR OUR DATE.  
SEE, IT FITS!!



I-TOLD-YOU-I'D-  
BRING-YOU-PEACE...

THE  
END



# CANNIBALS' REVENGE

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES ALL BUT A VERY FEW PEOPLE HAVE HAD ONE TABOO IN COMMON... THE BLOODY ORGIES OF BABYLON AND ROME... THE HIDEOUS SACRIFICES OF EGYPT AND YUCATAN, ALL STOPPED SHORT AT ONE THRESHOLD OF HORROR, AT WHICH EVEN MAD NERO AND RUTHLESS TAMERLANE SHUDDERED! SOMEHOW EVEN THE MOST VICIOUS MONSTERS HAVE REALIZED THAT THERE IS ONE CRIME MORE LOATHESOME THAN MURDER...



THE VOLCANIC ISLAND OF OMAHUNA... IN THE SOUTH SEAS... A NATIVE BOY LOVED A WHITE GIRL...

THAT'S HOW IT IS, IRENE, I'VE LOVED YOU SINCE WE WERE IN COLLEGE TOGETHER. I WANT YOU TO BE MY BRIDE...

I'M FOND OF YOU DUKE, YOU KNOW THAT, BUT-BUT I CAN'T ANSWER YET / YOU ARE OF A DIFFERENT RACE.



I SEE... YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO MARRY A KANAKA / A-A NATIVE / IS THAT IT? YOU THINK WE'RE NOT CIVILIZED.

OF COURSE NOT DUKE / YOU KNOW EVERYONE RESPECTS YOU / YOU'RE EDUCATED, CULTURED, SUCCESSFUL. BUT---





BUT STILL A NATIVE/ BRUCE CLAYMOORE REMINDED ME OF THAT WHEN HE BLACK-BALLED ME AT THE YACHT CLUB/ KEPT ME FROM JOINING IN SPITE OF MY OWNING THE FASTEST SCHOONER IN THE ISLANDS/

OH DUKE/ BRUCE WOULDN'T/

OH BUT I WOULD/ I DID/ AND I'LL RESIGN BEFORE I'LL BELONG TO A CLUB THAT LETS IN A CANNIBAL!

BRUCE/ YOU'VE BEEN EAVESDROPPING!



BRUCE WAS PROUD OF HIS WHITE SKIN AND WAS JEALOUS OF IRENE'S ATTENTIONS TO DUKE.

I WON'T STAY AND LISTEN TO ANOTHER OF YOUR SILLY ARGUMENTS... I'LL WAIT FOR YOU AT THE CAR, DUKE...

YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT DUKE'S OLD HAWAIIAN CUSTOMS? HAS HE EVER TOLD YOU ABOUT YOU JERK/ EATING "LONG-PIG"

BUT NOT BEFORE YOUR GREAT GRAND-DAD'S TIME, EH? I UNDERSTAND OLD CHIEF KAMAHU ATE OVER 300 PEOPLE BEFORE THE BRITISH GUNBOATS PUT AN END TO HIS HIGH PROTEIN DIET!

CURSE YOU, CLAYMOORE/ YOU'VE ALWAYS TORMENTED ME WITH YOUR "WHITE SUPERIORITY"--- IN MY LAND I'M A CHIEF, A GOD.

WE WHITES ARE SUPERIOR/ I WON'T LET IRENE MARRY YOU. YOU'RE NOT A GOD YOU'RE.. UGH

WHY YOU/



SAVAGELY THE TWO BITTER ENEMIES BATTLE INSANELY ON THE EDGE OF THE LAVA-FILLED CRATER. SUD- DENLY, DUKE FELL, BUT GRABBED THE RAIL!

I SLIPPED/ I'M GOING OVER!



PULL ME UP/ I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER/ THE HEAT! IT'S KILLING ME!

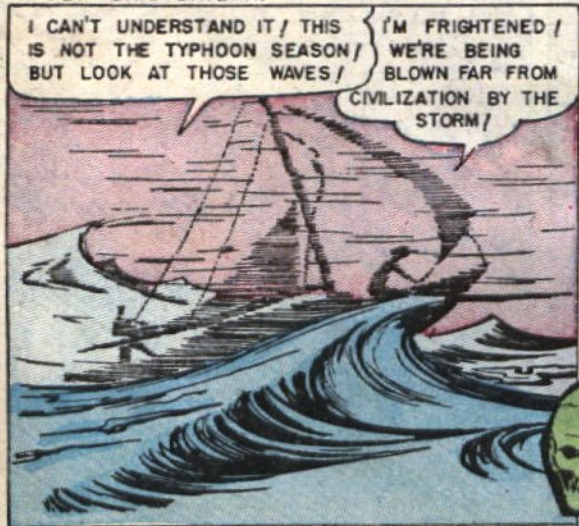
HMMM...IF YOU FELL INTO THAT LAVA THEY'D NEVER FIND A CINDER OF YOU!



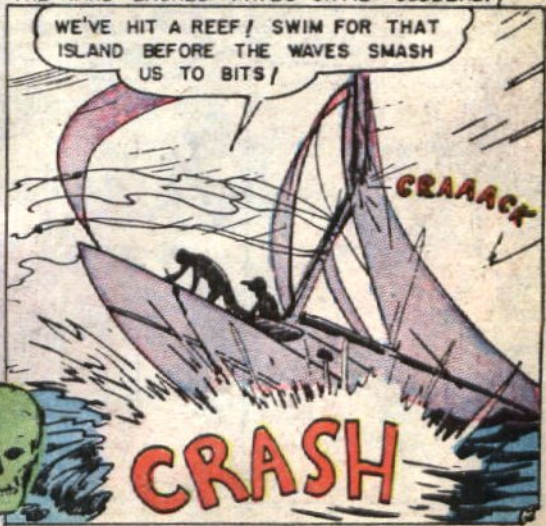




AND SO IRENE AND BRUCE LEFT FOR TAHITI... BUT  
A FEW DAYS LATER...

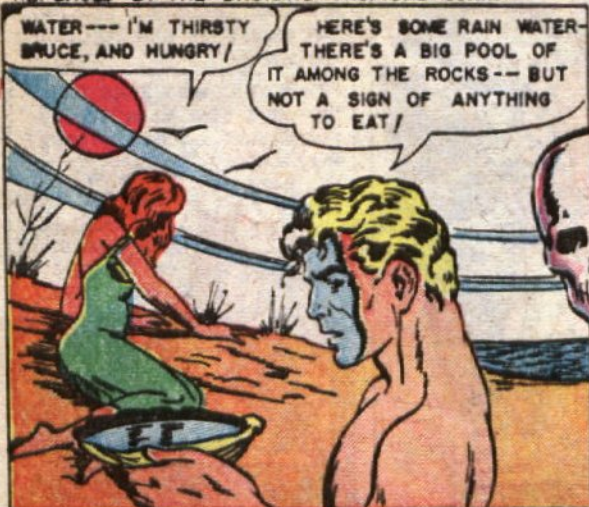


FOR HOURS THE FRAIL CRAFT IS TOSSED BY THE WIND-LASHED WAVES UNTIL SUDDENLY!





WHEN MORNING CAME THE STORM CLOUDS WERE REPLACED BY THE BROILING TROPICAL SUN...



WATER--- I'M THIRSTY  
BRUCE, AND HUNGRY!

HERE'S SOME RAIN WATER--  
THERE'S A BIG POOL OF  
IT AMONG THE ROCKS-- BUT  
NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING  
TO EAT!

LATER...

WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME-  
THING TO EAT... THERE MUST  
BE SOMETHING! CLAMS OR  
FLOATING COCONUTS...

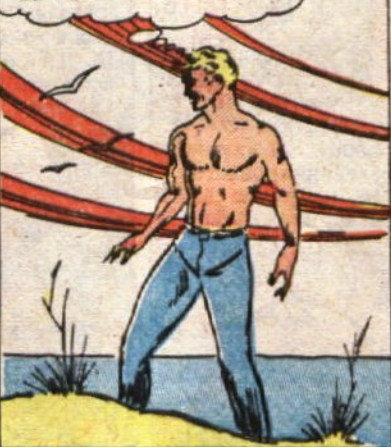
IT'S NO USE!  
WE'VE LOOKED  
OVER EVERY INCH  
OF THIS BEACH!  
THERE'S NOTHING  
BUT SAND AND  
ROCKS!



WE HAVE TO EXPLORE THE  
WHOLE ISLAND AGAIN. YOU TAKE  
ONE SIDE AND I'LL TAKE THE  
OTHER! I'LL MEET YOU BACK  
HERE.

FOUR HOURS LATER BRUCE RETURNS

IRENE'S BEEN GONE TOO LONG!  
MAYBE SHE'S LOST--- I'D  
BETTER LOOK FOR HER!



SUDDENLY SOME NATIVES  
APPEARED...

AT LAST SOME  
HUMANS, EVEN  
THOUGH THEY  
ARE NATIVES...  
MY FRIEND!

SEIZE LONG  
PIG! TAKE  
HIM TO VILLAGE



BRUCE IS DRAGGED OVER A SAND DUNE AND SEES..

A NATIVE VILLAGE / BUT I  
WAS HERE BEFORE AND  
THE SPOT WAS DESERTED!

WELCOME, WHITE MAN!  
VILLAGE OF KUMONA  
HAPPY HAVE YOU VISIT  
US!



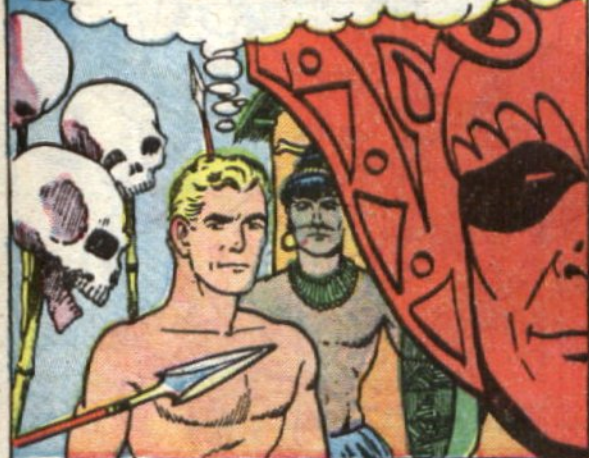
THANK HEAVENS YOUR FRIENDLY!  
I'M STARVING! GIVE ME SOME-  
THING TO EAT! AND THERE'S A  
GIRL WITH ME! HAVE YOU  
SEEN HER?

COME BY  
FIRE! I SEND  
MY MEN FIND  
GIRL.





[THOSE SKULLS...THESE NATIVES ARE HEADHUNTERS  
... BUT I'M SO HUNGRY I DON'T CARE/ THEY SEEM  
FRIENDLY ANYWAY/ GUESS THEY CAN RECOGNIZE  
A CIVILIZED MAN.]



LATE.

THIS IS DELICIOUS FOOD, CHIEF  
BUT HAVEN'T YOU FOUND MY  
FIANCEE YET? THIS IS A  
SMALL ISLAND.

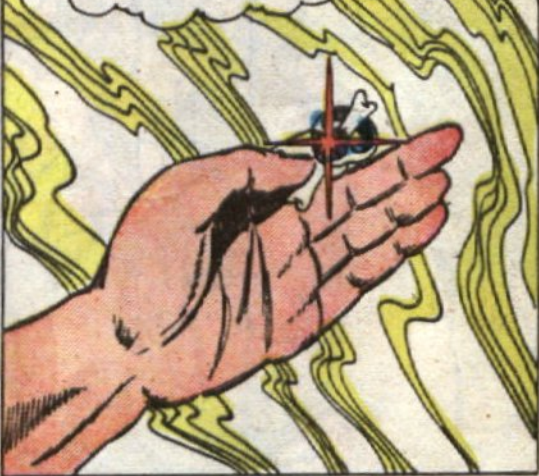
NO FEAR, SHE  
JOIN YOU SOON.



I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT CRACK?  
OH OH / I BIT INTO SOMETHING IN THIS  
MEAT--- IT FEELS LIKE...



A RING/ SOMEONE MUST HAVE DROPPED  
IT... BUT... IT--IT LOOKS LIKE IRENE'S /  
IT IS IRENE'S

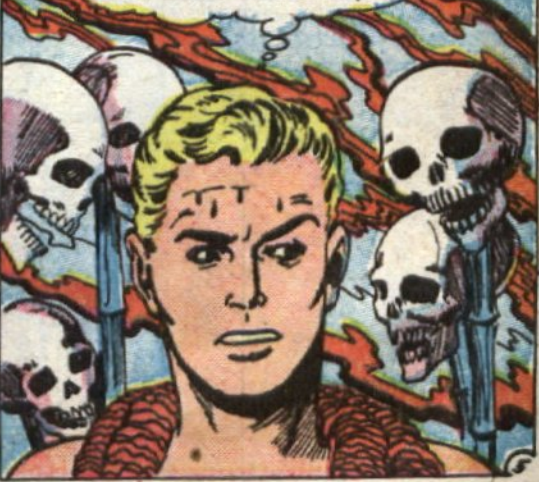


CHIEF/ YOU'VE BEEN LYING TO ME/ YOU  
KNOW WHERE GIRL IS/ THIS IS  
HER RING.

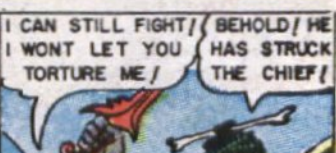
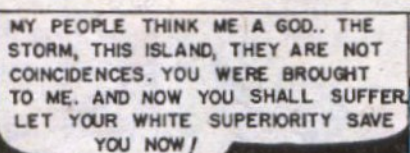
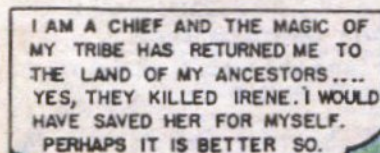
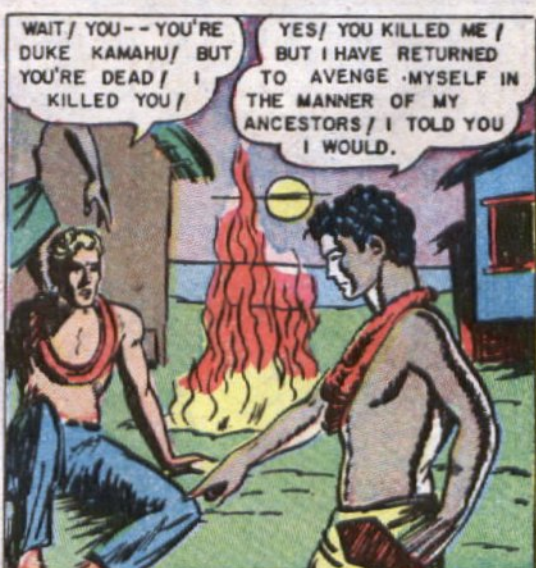
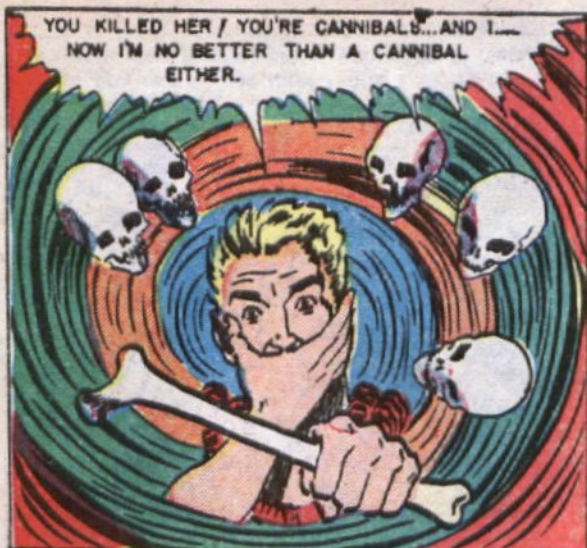


THEN THE TRUTH DAWNED ON BRUCE...

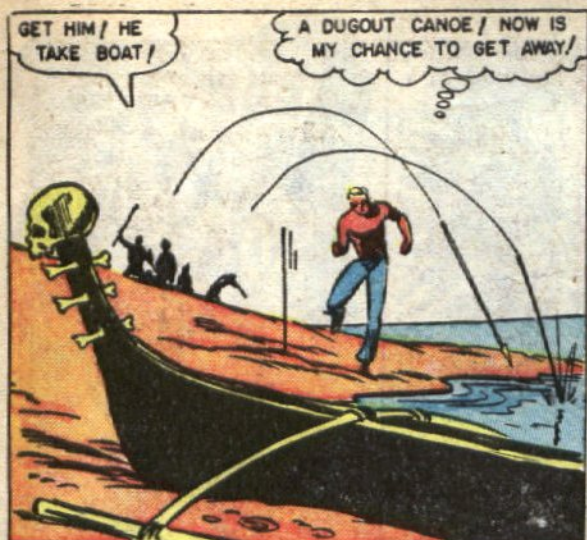
SHE'S DEAD... NO/ NO/ I CAN'T BELIEVE IT /  
I-I WON'T BELIEVE IT!











GET HIM / HE  
TAKE BOAT /

A DUGOUT CANOE / NOW IS  
MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY /



RENE / DARLING / BUT I  
THOUGHT YOU WERE  
DEAD /

I AM, THANKS TO  
YOU AND YOUR TREACH-  
ERY / BUT YOU WON'T  
GET AWAY THIS TIME /  
I WANT YOU TO  
SUFFER AS I  
HAVE /



COME BACK / COME BACK /  
I MUST GET AWAY / THEY'RE  
GOING TO TORTURE  
ME /

DO YOU THINK  
THEY DID  
TO ME /



THEY'RE COMING / PLEASE  
HELP ME ESCAPE / DON'T  
LET THEM EAT ME /

SEIZE  
HIM /



FAREWELL BRUCE /  
NOW YOU WILL KNOW  
WHAT I SUFFERED  
LISTENING TO YOUR  
LIES /

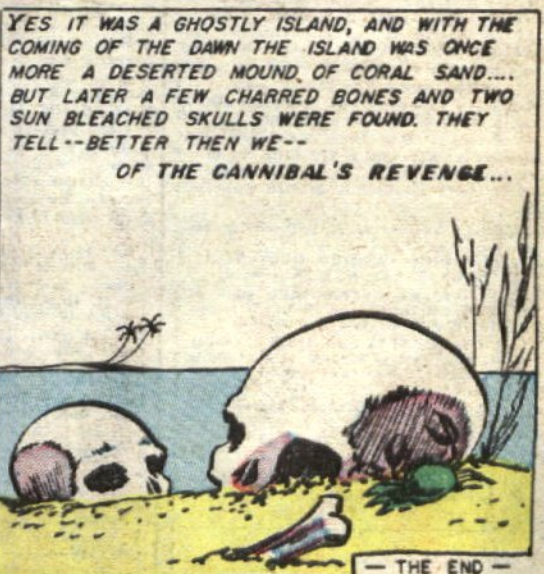
NO /  
NO /  
NO /



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

DON'T KILL ME!  
PLEASE!

WE WOULDN'T THINK OF KILL-  
ING YOU SO LONG BEFORE  
DINNER!



YES IT WAS A GHOSTLY ISLAND, AND WITH THE  
COMING OF THE DAWN THE ISLAND WAS ONCE  
MORE A DESERTED MOUND OF CORAL SAND...  
BUT LATER A FEW CHARRED BONES AND TWO  
SUN BLEACHED SKULLS WERE FOUND. THEY  
TELL--BETTER THEN WE--

OF THE CANNIBAL'S REVENGE...

— THE END —



She'll be your "Dream Girl"  
You'll "Bewitch" her with it

**Bewitching**

**During  
"BLACK  
MAGIC"**



"DREAM GIRL" She'll look alluring, breathtaking, enticing, exotic... Just picture her in it... beautiful, fascinating SEE-THRU sheer. Naughty but nice... It's French Fashion finery... with peek-a-boo magic lace... Gorgeously transparent yet completely practical (washes like a dream... will not shrink). Has lacy waistline, lacy shoulder straps and everything to make her love you for it. A charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion... In gorgeous Black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 96,  
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send me DREAM GIRL gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**Heaven  
Sent**

**Oriental Magic**



Out of the pages of the Arabian Nights comes this glamorous sheer Harem pajama. She'll look beguiling, alluring, irresistible, enticing. She'll thrill to the sleek, clinging wispy appeal that they will give her. She'll love you for transplanting her to a dream world of adoration centuries old. Brief figure hugging top gives flattering appeal to its daring bare midriff. Doubled at the right places it's the perfect answer for hostess wear. Billowing sheer bottoms for rich luxurious lounging. She'll adore you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In wispy sheer black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 265,  
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send HEAVEN SENT gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**Black  
Sorcery**



**Daring  
Bare-back  
She'll be  
entranced  
with it**

Your Dream Girl will be an exquisite vision of allurements, charm, fascination and loveliness in this exotic, bewitching, daring, bare-back, filmy sheer gown. Its delicate, translucent fabric (washes like a dream) will not shrink. Paris at home, with this cleverly designed halter neck that ties or unties at the flick of a finger. Lavishly laced midriff and peek-a-boo bottom. She'll love you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In exquisite black sheer.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 382,  
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send BLACK SORCERY gown at \$9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose \$9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman \$9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



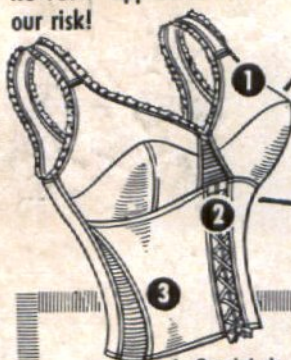
# REDUCE LARGE BUST APPEARANCE OR NO COST!



Now large bust women can have a new shapely breast loveliness . . . it's easy to look youthfully trim in your hide-a-way NU-YUTH Bra—developed by America's leading figure control experts—for a shapely, slenderized appearance that you thought was only a dream. And so comfortable! Don't risk a cent. Thrill with your NU-YUTH "appeal" look at our risk!

**WEAR  
10 DAYS  
FREE  
SIZES 34 to 52**

**New HIDE AWAY Nu-Yuth BRA  
Reduces Large Appearance in Seconds**



1. Special design control cups, for maximum support and youthful separation.
2. Exclusive, adjustable, midriff gives custom-made fit. Does away with unsightly "ties" without binding and discomforts. No ridges in flesh.
3. V-shaped, elasticized inserts breathe right with you.
4. Ingenious figure control fastenings make it easy to put on or take off.

**ORDER 2  
AT LOW**

**Introductory  
Price  
Rush  
Coupon**

Your NU-YUTH BRA is the result of a revolutionary new discovery in bra-design. Permits you to hide-a-way the "extra" in both bosom and tummy . . . AND . . . it's just seconds for the change to a new world of attractiveness.

**LOOK SLIMMER—YOUNGER—MORE ATTRACTIVE**

Now Hide-A-Way your large bust troubles. Easy with NU-YUTH Bra to comfortably regulate your own size. Don't despair because of sagging, heavy, wide bust. Amazing new magic laced midriff adjusts to your own figure. Gives you Sweet Sixteen separation and firmness. Chafe-proof seams, bind-proof construction and extra comfort to super-carded pre-shrunk durable broadcloth.

**Adjust NU-YUTH to CONTOUR *you want***

**FREE 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER**

Let us send you a NU-YUTH Bra. Wear 10 days at our risk. Introductory price only \$2.98 if you act now. If not delighted your money back. RUSH COUPON TODAY . . . NOW! SIZES 34 to 52—B, C, D cups. Color: Nude.

The S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. NY-712  
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Send my "NU-YUTH" Bra by return mail. If I am not 100% delighted I'll send it back in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

How Many? (2 for \$5.85)

Bust size \_\_\_\_\_ cup  
☐ Send C. O. D. I'll pay postman \$2.98 plus postage.  
☐ Enclosed find \$2.98. S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



# Try 20 Vials of World-Famous Perfumes for only \$2.00

Make him say "YOU'RE LOVELIER THAN EVER." Don't miss this chance to make the man of your dreams lose his heart. Authentic Perfumes in each glass vial!

## MOST AMAZING PERFUME OFFER EVER MADE

These are the SAME, GENUINE, ORIGINAL perfumes that you've seen in Harper's Bazaar, Vogue, Mademoiselle, Charm, Glamour, Seventeen and all the other leading fashion magazines advertised to sell for as much as \$35.00 a bottle.

You get 2 vials EACH of every one of these perfumes

BLACK SATIN by ANGELIQUE

COEUR-JOIE by *Vina Ricci*

COMMAND PERFORMANCE by Helena Rubinstein

SORTILEGE by *Cigogne*

BREATHLESS by *Charbert*

MIDNIGHT by TUSSY

FIVE O'CLOCK by GOURIELLI

MY ALBI by RENOIR

SHINING HOUR by Jacqueline Cochran

GOLD SATIN by ANGELIQUE

As Advertised In



You get the opportunity to browse at leisure among 10 fragrances...

Perfume is one of the most exciting of feminine accessories! It can delight the senses enormously... be pleasing to you yourself, and make you appear lovelier to others. Because your particular perfume should be chosen with care, after wearing it and "living with it," this offer has been created to help you sample ten popular favorites. Try them one by one. Then choose as your own the one that best fits your personality.

There are a very limited number of these packets available, and you will certainly want to order for your personal use, or for gift giving. Mail coupon now!

Genuine Perfume

not colognes...not toilet waters

The manufacturers of these famous perfumes want to acquaint you with their product. This bargain offer is made so that you can try each one and then decide which better suits your personality. Naturally, all these wonderful perfumes are available at your local drug or department store in regular sizes at the nationally advertised prices.

PERFUME IMPORT CO., Dept. 76,  
318 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the 20-vial perfume packet. I may return perfumes within 7 days for complete refund.

☐ I enclose \$2.00 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid. (I save up to 50c postage.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Send \_\_\_\_\_ packets at \$2.00. I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_